THE STATE SENTINEL
--Weekly--

Is published every Thursday—Office on Illinois S Second Block North of Washington.

☞The State Sentinel will contain a much larg amount of reading matter, on all subjects of gener interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, always in advanc In no instance will more than one number be sent t the money is received. Subscribers will receive d notice a few weeks before the expiration of each ye or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinue This rule will be strictly adhered to *in all cases.*

Five Dollars will be received for three years; o three copies will be sent one year for the same.

One dollar will be received for six months—*alwa in advance.*

ADVERTISEMENTS, will be inserted three tim at one dollar a square, (250 ems) and be continued the rate of 25 cents a square weekly. Quarterly ad vertisements inserted at $3 a square of 150 ems.

Yearly advertisers will be accommodated on rea sonable terms, which should always be made in writ ing as agreed upon.

All advertisements from abroad *must be accompanied by the cash*; or no attention will be paid to them.

Postage must be paid.

☞Postmasters are allowed to frank letters con taining remittances.

☞In franking, Postmasters must not forget to write their names in full under the word "free."

BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

The Defeated one;

OR, IT'S NOTHING WHEN YOU'RE USED TO IT.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

[*Copied by permission.*]

It certainly makes a great defference, when you are used to it. Every body knows—for the phrase has become proverbial—that it is "nothing when you are used to it," whatever it may be. By the process of habitude, the disagreeable loses its poignancy, and pleasure fails in its delight. Familiarity so domesticates the occurrence, that at length, as a matter of course, it passes without note. A child is hapy with its new shoes, in the morning, but before the afternoon arrives the poetry of leather has evaporated. Millinery, when worn for the first time, has its blisses; and there is ecstasy in furniture, when it has just come home. But the tendency is always to a level. Gratification has no endurance in it; and the same is true of our sorrows. It is said indeed, that Mithridates had so accustomed himself to the swallowing of poisons, that "malice domestic" could not dispose of him by a resort to drugs and chemicals. A prescription, no matter how "carefully compounded," disturbed not the physical organization of this cunning one of Pontus. He was doctor proof—impregnable to apothecaries, and triumphing over pharmacy, by dint of being "used to it." And then, again, when people are used to us, how depreciating is the effect. The most impressive and majestic presence is soon unnoticed. Instead of inspiring awe and reverence at home, people about the house do not hesitate to tell sublimity himself, that they did not know he was there—that they thought he had gone out, or that they were not aware that he had come in. It was not so at first; but one may get use even to the terrific.

Observe, moreover, when you have cause for being coy to invitation—when you are not in custume, or look haggard for need of the razor—yet are pressed to "come in," under assurance that "nobody is there." How often does it hapen, by the agency of use, that this same "nobody" is a comprehensive term. "Nobody," in such cases, is the husband or the wife—"nobody," perhaps, to each other, but still a considerable somebody to you. The unshaven gentleman, to his much annoyance and exceeding embarrassment, is entrapped into rooms quite full of "nobody," and, like the incautious Bradock, falls by ambush. Always ask who "nobody" is, when told that "nobody's there," and ask how many people constitute "nobody," in that family. Dozens become "nobody" by being used to them.

The world is right, then; there is nothing like being used to it. The Asiatic devotee slept soundly on the jagged surface of an iron bed, until tenpenny nails were more soothing and delightful to him than the softest feathers. With a choice of pillows, he would have selected a stovepipe to repose his cheek. And Othello's "flinty and steel couch of war," was to him a "thrice driven bed of down."

It may be, however, that people in general regard political defeat, especially if the individual himself chances to be on the "returns," among the killed and wounded, as not exactly coming under the head of the entertaining; but other people know—we know—that even this is nothing when you are used to it. Here, as elsewhere, "the hand of least employment hath the daintier sense." And then, the freedom from every trammel which it involves. Bless thee, friend, one walks home after such a disaster, with not the shadow of a real care upon his mind. Whatever of sorrow he may suppose himself to have, it is but a grief from the store-house of imagination. He is exempt from all solitude. He can betake himself with confidence to bed. A minority slumber is but rarely disturbed by the roaring shouts of a torch-light procession.

It is not expected that he should shiveringly arise at two o'clock in the morning, to make thankful speeches for the honor which has been done to him. He can take his meals, and read the "returns" in quiet, unannoyed by either bell or knocker. He is not required to give "cold cut," previously given him at the polls. When he walks forth, his way through the streets is clear and unembarrassed. Nobody squeezes his hand and asks for his influence. He is not obliged to perplex his brain for the coinage of piquant replies, in answer to flat and wearisome compliment. Success must smile; but defeat may indulge in his humor.

And then, what cares he for securities! He is safe enough in himself. His affairs, too, may stand as they are—no winding up and packing up; no changes to disturb his household goods, or to distress his adhesiveness. No winter in Washington, or sojourn at Harrisburg, to be provided for; no perplexities about other people's business; no cogitations about how to remain popular; and how to satisfy all the world and the world's wife. He who is defeated may think as he pleases, go where he pleases, and wear what he pleases. He is neither compelled to have opinions nor to 'define positions.' He has no dignity to support, pinching him under the arms, and rendering him as uncomfortable as an unaccustomed coat; and whether he is aristocratic in his deportment, or otherwise, nobody knows and nobody cares.

Who, then, let us ask, would not be a defeated candidate! Who would not be, like Jaffier, 'in love and pleased with ruin.' It is for the 'constituency' to repent of blunders: not for him, the free, the untrammelled, the independent, the un-voted for. If the affairs of the republic go wrong, let others weep—'thou canst not say I did it.'

But the gentleman, whose portrait is given above [the Gazette has an apt and *happy* wood *cut* of the 'Defeated one,' in an attitude before his *glass*] shows by the fierceness of his expression, that he at least, has not yet learned the philosophy of politics. Halting before the mirror, from his hasty traverses about the apartment, he exchanges scowl for scowl with his image, as if disposed to divide himself and go to buffets. He would also see whether he is mistaken in the merits of the man, who had been presented for suffrage, and had been denied. But he can discover no change—no falling off, and his wrath increases. It is plain alas, that Stentor Stubbs is not used to it: and that he is as yet unable to take that philanthropic view of the case, which would tell that if he had been successful, the other side must perforce have been sad. A certain amount of sadness is inevitable. If you listen carefully, each hurrah has its countervailing groan; and the benevolent man whose luck it is—whether good or bad we shall not undertake to decide—not to be elevated, might do much towards consoling himself, by reflecting upon the happiness derived by others from his mischance. Ought we not—let the query be pondered—ought we not, in the trancendentalism of our humanity to desire defeat for this very purpose? What a triumph over selfishness, to be able to say, 'Twas I that made 'em crow—but for my imperfect running, they would now have been in tears.'

Stentor Stubbs, however, in the first flushes of his disappointment, carried on the war differently, from not generalizing enough. When the result was ascertained, Stentor Stubbs hammered his hat upon his brow, as if, unlike Patrick Henry, he was determined never again to "bow to the majesty of the people." It seemed as if it was proposed that his hat should from this time forth, installed as a fixture—Stubbs and his hat, "one and indivisible." Stubbs buttoned his coat clear up to his chin, with an air that told plainer than words could speak, that his charities were hereafter to remain at home, and that all popular avenues to his heart were closed now and forever, with "No admittance" chalked over the door—"No admittance except on business" to the bosom of Stentor Stubbs. He took his defeat as the inexperienced are apt to take such things—as a personal matter. Not being used to it, he felt affronted. He thought that he had been "made game" of. To be "game" of your own accord is an honor, but imagine that other folks are "making game" of you, is productive of an unpleasant sensation, when you are not exactly used to it.

"Don't go Stubbs," said a brother politician, as he puffed his segar; "wait for the full returns. I want to know how much you're defeated; cause I made a bet that you couldn't come it. Then, there's the rest of the ticket—"

"The furies take the rest of the ticket," ejaculated Stubbs, as he pushed thro' the crowd and strode indignantly along; "I'll go straight home and break something. I'll smash a chair over the table—I'll jam my stick right through the window—I'll dance on the top of the tea things. Not elected! Don't let any body ever try to speak to me again, if they don't want to ketch it. But if they have anything to say, now's the time. There's the watchman—what does he mean by bawling so, as if the whole town did not know what o'clock it is! I've a great mind to—yes; if he wasn't so big I would—and if I do come across a little one—I'll shake Charley all to pieces, this very night. I'll commit justifiable homcide."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Stubbs, hysterically, "if Mrs. Stubbs is up yet, she's got to hear of it. I'll give her a bit of my mind. Why did she let me take a nomination? She told me not, I know; I do believe she told me so only to make me take it. If she had advised me to take it, she knows I would'nt; nothing but contrariness in these women. It's all her fault—it's always her fault—somebody else is continually getting me into a scrape.

"And then," added Stubbs, savagely, "when I've done correcting the old woman, there's got to be a spankade. I'll rouse out every one of the children. I'll spank'em till I'm tired, and do a father's duty by them. They've been neglected the whole of this campaign, and I'll begin to be paternal, right off the reel."

"Well," continued Stubbs, in a softened tone, "there's always a comfort for married folks. There's somebody at home that you can blow up when you've a mind to, and they can't help themselves. Strangers won't take it when you feel sassy: but it's the bounden duty of Mrs. Stubbs to listen and not to throw things at me. Every body isn't liable to slappage, but it's never lost upon the little Stubbses, if it isn't due now, they can take it on account. Ah, domestic felicity is one of the greatest things that ever was found out, especially when you're not elected. Home sweet home, one can have a row at home, and it's nobody's business but your own.

"There's one thing certain at any rate," said Stubbs on the following morning, as he poked the newspaper with the election returns into the stove; "I've done with politics. I don't like being called kangaroo and cannibal, and all sorts of hard names. I've been peppered quite enough for one while in that way. And another thing, I'm tired of forking out for other people's amusement. When a man's on the ticket, as they call it, he is *pro bono publico*, the public bones every thing he's got. Money, oh, yes, money for processions, money for flags, money for meetings, money for dockyments, money for newspapers, money money all the time. But that's not enough; if you're "on the ticket," you must work like a horse besides, run round the town, and scamper over the country, get up early, go to bed late, and never get no dinner, have to keep cold potatoes in your pocket, and eat'em as you go. Ketch one bad cold atop of the other bad cold, till you're as hoarse as the man with an oyster cart, of a rainy night. And then, when you feel bad yourself about it, you musn't let on that you feel bad, but tell whoppers to keep up their spirits. And at last, when your pockets are empty, when you're as lean as a greyhound, and croak like a raven, when your business is gone to rack and ruin, why then, you're not elected, and are set down as used up. That's the finish.

"I've had a talk with Mrs. Stubbs about it, we're made up, and now I'm going to elect myself to the office of minding my own affairs, and looking after my own shop. Me and Mrs. Stubbs are the United States, and I am to be President thereof. The children are to be the people, they are the *vox populi*, and are to hurrah and vote for me at every election. Our candle-light processions shall be up and down stairs, we'll have a town meeting every day at dinner, and find our own loaves and fishes. 'Pon my word, now that me and Mrs. Stubbs have concluded not to have hard words any more, if I don't begin to think that to be beaten in an election, is sometimes just about the best thing that could happen to a fellow. It sort of settles him down, puts notions out of his head, makes him sleep without dreaming, and sends him about his business. I feel all the better of it already. And the little Stubbses shall have a cent apiece all round, this very afternoon."

Millerism.

We several times proposed to make the delusion of Millerism, as it is termed, the subject of an article for the Post, during its former paroxysms; but forbore, partly from a disinclination to meddle with the faith of any man or set of men, and partly because the delusion would, we thought, work its own cure, by the falsification of the prophecy, in the going by of the time at which its consummation was placed. And as that period passed, and "the world and all that it inherits" still remained firm and undestroyed, we looked to see the matter completely at an end, and people returning to their accustomed occupation, and to their sober senses.

But, to our great astonishment, we now find the delusion resuming its sway with, if not more general extent, with more extravagance than ever. We learn not only in this city, but at other and distant points, the zeal of pseudo prophets has again blown up the excitement. We find the believers carried into the most strange conduct, and the most pitiable perversion of all the rules of duty, and of all the obligations, both of religion and of prudence. We hear of women arrayed in "ascension robes," deserting the care of their households, and sitting down in upper rooms, some even in unfinished garrets, to be as near to heaven as possible, and there awaiting the "second Advent." We hear of such crowds besetting the places of evening meetings of the believers, that the arm of the civil power is compelled to interpose, and close the places of meeting, to save the peace. We find the disciples of Mr. Miller and his followers closing up their stores, giving away their goods, and pasting notices on their shutters, that their shops are closed to wait "the coming of the King of kings."

Painfully absurd as is such conduct, we have no disposition to make it the subject of ridicule, although the temptation to do so is strong; and although, perhaps, exposure of the absurdity of such conduct is the best argument against it. But we have collected to day a list of a few of the most prominent delusions of this